

Cunninlynguists "Appreciation"

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F/ [Cashmere the Pro]

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[Chorus]

Hold on, cause you'll never miss your own
Until that water's gone, it's wrong, it's wrong, so hold
on
Hold on, cause you'll never miss your own
Until that water's gone, it's wrong, be strong and hold
on

[Cashmere the Pro]:

It was morning she was brisk with her words
He apologized but all she was thinking was this is
absurd
She understood he had to work but it was hittin a nerve
She hated his out of town trips, and this was the third
One in two weeks, he ain't wantin to beef
Explainin' he's the one the job picks when they need
someone to speak
Hope to make up for lost time, but she's PO'ed
And somethin bout this morning's coffee seems eerily
cold
"What about your family?" she repeats the exclamation
You seem to up and leave for work without the slightest
hesitation
Aggravation... floatin waves, why you rockin the boat?
Baby, this is my job, what you think I'm not gonna go?
All she thought about was the weekends, and opted to
blow
Felt her caution in the wind when she started to throw
Cups to the floor
She wantin to war cus she misses her home
Didn't want the wave of loneliness she gets when he
gone
But she insists to be on blast but not burstin with light
It gets heavy as she yells "Who comes first in your
life?"
He don't wanna be hurtin his wife
But he got a flight to catch so for now he's desertin the
fight

Goes for his goodbye kiss, she turns, He takes a cold
cheek while she yearns
Hates his job but loves him cus he's so sweet
But she wants him to have a night of dwellin without a
goodbye
As he drives off to make Flight 11"

[Chorus]

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[Deacon the Villain]

It was hard times following the death of father and
mother
He felt disconnect now, though is guardian was his
brother
Whom he envied, cause he always seemed to be the
favored sibling
The one people always assumed would create a
greater living
He despised it, sick of his brother's shadow
Felt like a jester wanting to be king of his own castle
Moved from Brick City to where girls got fixed titties
Hollywood, cause there that shit's pretty
Big brother would write, call, and email
Tryin to make light of the situation, askin to be sent
seashells
Little brother was strugglin, in and out about three jails
Tried to stand on his own two but he fell
Called his older brother one day, cryin' apologizin
It was a Monday, said he was sick of dramatizin
And that his Hydai, had came to the end of it's road
His money was froze, too broke to launder his clothes
Old bro was understanding though, expressing sorrow
Said he would hit the first flight out tomorrow
That they'd get a rental and pack up a carload
They'd bond on the drive back, and he'd cover the
barcodes
Cause tomorrow, family ties would no longer be
severed
Remaining bloodlines would be back together
Tuesday morning at Newark airport it beautiful weather
9/11 will be a day that they'll remember forever

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